THE CANDIDATE

A Political Romance (Copyright, 1905, by Harper & Brothers) By Joseph A. Altsheler

to tell the candidate the good news. He accompanies the Grayson's to their Western home, and meets light of welcome sparkling in her eyes. Grayson's niece, Sylvia Morgan, from Idaho. The "We did not know what had become of two are mutually attracted, though they are critical of each other. Harley, together with other correspondents, accompanies the Grayson party back to river." And then, with a sudden flush. Chicago, where the campaign opens. On the night of Grayson's great speech, Sylvia, in her enthusiasm, throws her arms about Grayson's peck and safely the yellow journals, and Sylvia named as "Gray-lute and unthinking joy, followed at once son's Egeria; the beautiful young girl who furby a little catch. Before him rose the nishes Western fire for his speeches." Caurchill, square and massive vision of "King" correspondent of the Monitor, New York's "yellow" Plummer, and he had an undefined sense journal, allies himself with a party of financiers of doing wrong. who follow Grayson to Milwaukee, and, by process of flattery, induce Churchill to start an op-Plummer, a political power in the West and a lionaire, appears on the scene. Harley believes him to be Sylvia's uncle, but learns that ne is her guardian and betrothed. Mrs. Grayson relates to Harley how Sylvia's parents were massacred on the plains and she, as a young child, was found and adopted by Plummer, who is thirty years her senior. During Plummer's brief stay in Milwaukee, Sylia seems depressed, and upon his departure, she is feverishly gay and animated. Plummer is discussed with enthusiasm by the Graysons and the Cardiatate points out to Harley the Cardiatate points out to the Cardiatate points sons and the Candidate points out to Harley the necessity of retaining his friendship, to which Harchill's dispatches are read to the Grayso

Churchill's dispatches are read to the Grayson party by Hobart, a newspaper man. The decision is reached to ignore them. Sylvia promises to win over Churchill. The campaign continues triumph antly and one of the magnates—Goodnight-departs, leaving Crayon to look after the moneyed interests of the party and keep an eye on Churchill. Plummer writes Sylvia urging marriage. Before Mrs. Grayson and Sylvia return to the West, Harley asks and receives neurosion to write to Sylvia Harley asks and receives permission to write to Sylvia. His letters are long and interesting, her replies brief but beautiful, and Harley preserves them. The campaign reaches its end in the East, and Grayson's party crosses the Mississippi and Missouri into a more doubtful field.

The triumph of the candidate's cratery is reached at Weeping Water where Campaignees and

at Weeping Water, where Grayson, after riding 400 miles and making 23 speeches, holds an audience spellbound from midnight until 3 in the morning. hile a blizzard is raging. He does this upon Har ley's request to detain one utlucky native who intends taking a train for the Coast, in desertion of his wife and home. Harley has wired the wife to come. She arrives on time, and the two are reconclied. The next day Mrs. Grayson and Sylvia join the party. The former, observing Sylvia's increasing interest in Harley, summons Plunimer, whose reap pearance further embarrasses the girl. Mrs. Grayson

pearance further embarrasses the girl. Mrs. Grayson warms Plumner against rivals.

Driving over the plains, the candidate, Harley, and the driver are lost and seek shelter in a lonely house where a tragedy—unearthed by Harley—is under way. A Kentucky feud survivor has caught and concealed in the cellar a youth of the rival faction, whose meeting with the former's daughter has been

CHAPTER X.

town at which they had intended to pass the preceding night. With ample instructions and a brilliant morning sunlight there was no further trouble about the proached the couple, and greeted Harley proached the couple and proached the couple are the whole and prosper to death. And surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon the "King" looked at her modily, not surging upon th

fore, leaned back in his seat and enjoyed and natural the tonic breeze. No one of the three drove some miles across the rolling when the interestin things happen."

prairie without seeing a single house, but Harley could not help laughing at the at last the driver pointed to a flickering patch of gold on the Western horizon.

in another hour we'll be in town. I guess your people will be glad to see you, Mr. "And I shall be glad to see them " sald

turned to the correspondent.

anything to your paper about last night?" prairie in the dark and the storm, and donable. then spend the night in a house in which only his presence of mind and eloquence prevent a murder, that is news-news of fellows when we reach the town." The candidate sighed.

"I know you are right," he said, "but I puts me in a sensational light. It seems as if I were turning aside from the great issues of a campaign for personal ad-

"It was forced upon you." "So it was, but that fact does not take from it the sensational look."

Harley was silent. He knew that Mr. knew also that he must send the dis-The candidate made no further referce to the subject, and five minutes

later they saw horsemen rise out of the plain and gallop toward them. As Harley nad said, a Presidential nominee was no lost in the dark and the storm every night, and this little Western town wa mightily perturbed when Mr. Grayson falled to arrive. The others had come in safely, but already all the morning newspapers of the country had published the ct that the candidate was lost, swallowed up somewhere on the dark prairie. And Mr. Grayson's instinct was correct, too, because mingled with the wonder because of any fancy or impulse—well, and speculation was much criticism. It you know such things can make men, was boldly said in certain supercllious cir-cles that he had probably turned aside on an impulse to look after some minor mat ter, perhaps something that was purely personal that had nothing to do with campaign. Churchill, late the night before, had sent to the Monitor a dispatch written in his most censorious manner in that vein of reluctant condemnation that so well suited his sense of superiority. He was loath to admit that the candidate was proving inadequate to his high position, but the circumstances in-dicated it, and the proof was becoming cumulative. He also sent a telegram to the Hon. Mr. Goodnight, in New York. and the burden of it was the need of a restraining force, a force near at hand.

Jimmy Grayson—they clung to their af-fectionate "Jimmy"—were swayed by no surrounded by men, some young, too

'We did not know what had become of you," she exclaimed. "We feared that

so glad that Uncle James has got back Harley had read undeniable relief and observed by Sylvia. On the following morning Harley finds the incident glaringly illustrated in peculiar thrill, a thrill at first of abso-

> "We've brought him back safely," he said, after slight hesitation. "We spent the night very comfortably in a farm-house on the prairies."

She noticed his hesitation, and her eyes became eager.

"I do believe that you have had an adshe exclaimed. ou have; I know by your look. You must tell it to me at once

"We have had an adventure," admitted Harley, "and there is no reason why I shouldn't tell you of it, as in a few hours a long account of it written by me will be "I am waiting."

Harley began at once with his narraive, and they became absorbed in it, he the telling and she in the hearing While he talked and she listened "King" Plummer approached. Now the "King" in these later few days had begun to study the ways of women, in so far as his lim ited experience enabled him to do so, a task to which he had never turned his attention before in his life. But the words of Mrs. Grayson rankled; they kept him unhappy, they disturbed his self-satisfac-tion, and made him apprehensive for the uture. He had been in the crowd that welcomed Jimmy Grayson, he had shaken the candidate's hand effusively, and now, when he entered the hotel, he found Syl-

via Morgan welcoming John Harley.
"King" Plummer did not like what he saw; it gave him his second shock, and he paused to examine the two with a yelow eye, and a mind reluctant to admit certain facts among them the most ob vious one, that they were a handsome couple, and of an age. And this was a fact that did not give the "King" pleas-ure. He did not dislike Harley; instead, ne appreciated his good qualities, but just then he regarded him with an unfriendly glance; that reality of youth annoyed him There was a glass on the other side of the room, and the "King" looked at his own reflection. He saw a large, powerful head and broad, strong features, the whole expressing a man at the height of his powers, at the very floodtide of his But it was not young. The hair was fron-gray, and there were many deep lines in the face-not unhandsome

lines, yet they were lines. "With all his shameless youth" were some of the tints of spring green, despite in his applause. He did not care the lateness of the season. Harley, re- what criticism the supercillous might little with apprehension. She spoke twice

had much to say; all were in meditation, and the quiet and loneliness of the morning seemed to promote musing. They drove some miles agross the rolling

naive remark, but he liked "King" Plum-mer all the better for it. The "King," "That," said he, "is the weather-vane however, gave him no more chance to on the cupola of the new courthouse and talk alone that day with Sylvia. Mr. Plummer snowed the greatest regard for something that it needs very much," he Miss Morgan's health and comfort, and the candidate. A few minutes later he conveniences for the journey, and introducing Idaho topics, familiar to them. he asked, "will you send but to which Harley was necessarily anything to your paper about last night?" stranger. The "King," with his wide "I have to do so," replied Harley, with a slight note of apology in his tone—this have done this at another time, but in had not been his personal doing. "For a view of the close relationship between Presidential candidate to get lost on the himself and Sylvia he regarded it as parview of the close relationship between

and at first she regarded the "King" party in the East that Jimmy Grayson with an approving eye, but by and by the the first importance and the deepest interest. I am bound not only to send a dispatch about it, but the dispatch must be was just the least bit unconvincing. It is very log and full. And I suppose, too, was clear to her that he was overdoing which, while holding the crowd at a disvery long and full. And I suppose, too, that I shall have to tell it to the other it, and in her opinion that was as bad tance, also inspires it with a proper refellows when we reach the town." the spectacle of a middle-aged man of cial head of a great party, a Presidential affairs trying to play the gallant; there nominee. The personal democracy of Mr.

wish you did not have to do it. The story was another manner, one just as good. Grayson is having a disconcerting effect puts me in a sensational light. It seems that would become him more. She was impelled to admonish him again, but she is inspiring unfavorable comments in the restrained herselt, reflecting that she had English press, extracts from which we not improved matters by her first warn-ing, and she might make them worse by "What on earth has the opinion of the her second. Nevertheless, she summoned the nominee of a great party to the American Presidency to a conference, and e came with more alacrity than he would have obeyed the call of a conference of

"Sylvia is doing what it is natural for

her to do," she said, abruptly.
"Then, my dear, why find fault with
me because of it?" replied the mystified "I don't find fault with you; I merely

want your advice, although I know that you can have none to give."

is your most powerful political supporter in the West," she said. "If she jilts him specially elderly men, do very strange leeds. I speak of it because I am sure it must have been in your thoughts.'
The candidate stirred uneasily.

"It is a thing that I do not like to take into consideration," he said

"Nor do I, but it forces itself upon us. "It is right that Harley should pay her ttention. They are members of this party, and they are of an age likely to make them congenial.'

"That is where the danger lies. It may not amount at present to anything more than a fancy, but a fancy can make a very good beginning."

They talked on at length and with nuch earnestness, but they could come to no other conclusion than to use that and able to meet every evil with instant last refuge, silence and waiting. Meanwhile Sylvia was enjoying herself.

She was young and vigorous, and she had a keen zest in life. She was such emotions. They repeated a shout who had seen much of the world, of welcome, and wanted to know how and and they interested her; neither would where he had passed the night, to all of she have been human, nor of her sex, which questions the candidate, with easy if their attentions had not pleased her; humor, returned ready and truthful re- and there, too, was the great campaign humor, returned ready and truthful replies, although he did not say anything throwing its glow over everything. She for the present about the adventure of the old man and of the young one who was gracious even to the "King," whom she had been treating rather worse than he deserved for several days. She seem-The driver took them straight toward a ed to appreciate his increased gallantry, arge and attractive hotel, and it seemed and it was "dear old daddy" very often to Harley that half the population of the town was out to see the triumphant entry of the Grayson family circle or in the arrived on the train from the East, and they filed solemnly into the bar. of the candidate. With all the attention larger group of the young correspondents the arrival of him was witnessed by Har-

SYNOPSIS PRECEDING CHAPTERS. of the crowd centered upon one man, Harland politicians. The "King" was delightley was able to slip quietly through the ed with the change, and his own manner dense ranks and enter the hotel, where became easy and happy. He looked once vention, is nominated for the Presidency. Harley, the tell at once into the hands of Sylvia or twice at the lady whom he considered correspondent of the New York Gazette, is the first Morgan. She came forward to meet him, his mentor, Mrs. Grayson, and expected impulsively holding out her hands, the to see approval and satisfaction on her face, too, but she was stern and impene-trable, and the "King" said to himself that after all she was not so startlingly you had got lost in the quicksands of the

Sylvia was telling some anecdote of the West to her new friends, and, as the ineldent was rather remarkable, she hought it necessary to have confirma-

"It happened before I was born, but

you were there then, and you know all about it, don't you, daddy?"
"King" Plummer quickly nodded confirmation and smiled at the memory. The pleased all the more when he saw the others looking at him with the respect and deference due to-his thoughts halted addenly in their course and turned into another channel. Then he found himself frowning. He did not like the conjuncion of "dear old daddy" and of a thing that had happened many years ago.

The "King" quietly slipped away from

the party, and he noticed with intense gloom that his departure did not seem to make as much difference as it should. For a whole afternoon he was silent, and I any corrugations formed temporarily in his brow, indicating resolved thought. self up to the edge of a mighty resolu-tion. He was physically as brave a man is ever walked; in early and rougher days he had borne a ready Winchester, but this emergency was something new in his experience, and naturally he hesitated at the venture. However, just after supper, when Sylvia was alone in the draw-ing-room of the car, he approached her. She looked up at him, and smiled, but "King's" face was set with the pow

or of his resolve, "Come in, daddy," she said, The "King" did not smile, nor did he "Sylvia," he said, "I have a favor to

"Why certainly, daddy, anything in reason, and I know you would not ask any thing out of it."

"Sylvia, I want you to promise me nev er to call me daddy again, either in pri-vate, as here between ourselves, or be-She looked up at him, her eyes wide

"Why," she exclaimed, "I've called you that ever since you found me a little, little girl alone in the mountains." "I know it, but it's time to stop. I'm no blood kin to you at all. And I'm not so ancient. The history of the West didn't begin with me."

The wonder in her eyes deepened, and the "King" felt apprehensive, though he stood to his guns. But when she laughed, a joyous, spontaneous laugh, he felt hurt "I'll make you the the promise readily mough," she said, "but I can't keep it;) the "King's" unuttered thoughts, "I really can't. I'll try awful hard, but I'm could beat him at anything, except, per- so used to daddy that it will be sure to and the driver were on the way to the town at which they had intended to pass where he would starve to death. And The "King" looked at her moodily, no

laxed from the tension of the night be- make, the act was to him spontaneous under her breath, and the two brief sentences varied by only a single word. The "But I don't see why you should have first was "Dear old daddy!" and the sec-

The Harrying of Herbert. An unexpected addition and honor was now approaching, and it was Hobart who

"Our little party is about to receive a ouch of real distinction and dignityheir special train.

"What do you mean?" asked Harley,

"I quote from the columns of our staid ntemporary, the New York Monitor. Churchill's sheet, the representative bart, pompously. "'It has been felt for onable.

The watchful Mrs. Grayson say it all, some time by thoughtful leaders of our upon important financial circles, and also

English press to do with our Presidential race?" asked Harley.
"You may search me," replied Hobart.

"I merely quote from the columns of the Monitor. But in order to save time, I tell you that all this preamble leads to the departure for the West of the Hon. Herbert Henry Heathcote, who, after his graduation at Harvard, took a course at Oxford, lived much abroad, and who now, by grace of his father's worth and milons, is the national committeemtan from his State. For some days Herbert has The candidate wisely kept silent, and waited for the speaker of the house to is more than intimated that he will take charge of the tour of Jimmy Grayson, and put it upon the proper plane of dignity

Harley said no more, but, borrowing he paper, read the account carefully, and then put it down with a sigh, foreseeing trouble. Herbert Heathcote's father had been a great man in his time, self-created, a famous merchant, an able party worker, in thorough touch with American life, and he had served for many years as the honored chairman of the national ommittee, although in a moment weakness he had sent his son abroad to be educated. Now he was dead, but renembered well, and as a Presidential ampaign costs much money-legitimate noney-and his son was a prodigal giver the leaders could not refuse to the young-

"What do you think of it?" asked Hary, at last.
"I refuse to think," replied Hobart, "I there at least an hour, and we wish to be shall merely wait and see. But the Hon. William Plummer expressed his scorn in words befitting his open character.

er Heathcote the place of national com-

The paper was passed on until it reach d Mrs. Grayson any Sylvia. Mrs. Grayon, with her usual reserve, said nothing. Sylvia was openly indignant. paign "I shall snub this man," she said, "un-She less he is of the kind that thinks it can-

"I fear that it is his kind," said Har-

"It looks like it," she said. At noon the next day, when they were that purpose and none other.

most casual observer. A felt hat, narrow- would be out of the way. brimmed and beautifully creased in the Jimmy Grayson's room was on the sec-crowd, set gracefully upon his head. Hts ond floor, and Harley walked slowly up light overcoat was baggy enough in the the steps, but at the head of the stairway back to hold another man, as Mr. Heath-cote was not large, and white spats were the final touch of an outfit that made the less sophisticated of the spectators gasp. "King" Plummer swore half au-

'I wish my luggage to be carried up to the hotel," said Mr. Heathcote, impor-tantly, to the station agent. "He calls it 'luggage,' and this in Colodo!" groaned Hobart.

gent, a large man in his shirt-sleeves, with a pen thrust behind his ear. "My luggage; my trunk," replied Mr. "Then you had better carry it yourself;

I've nothing to do with it," said the igent, with Western brusqueness, as he arned away Harley, always ready to seize an op ortunity, and resolved to mitigate things,

I beg your pardon, but this is Mr. event had interested him greatly, and he was glad to vouch for its truth. He was

stepped forward.

The committeeman put a glass in his eye and regarded him quite coolly. Har-ley, despite his habitual self-control, shudlered. He did not mind the supercillous gaze, but he knew the effect of the mono-

le upon the crowd. 'Yes, I am Mr. Heathcote," said the nmitteeman, "and you-ah-I don't be-

"I haven't been introduced," said Harey, with a smile, "but I can introduce myself; it's all right here in the West. merely wanted to tell you that you had better get them at the hotel to send the porter down for your trunk. There Nor were appearances wrong, because are no carriages, but it's only a short the "King" was laboriously dragging himon the hill in front of you.

"Thank you-ah-Mr. Hardy." "Harley," corrected the correspondent,

'I was about to say-ah-that the press an make itself useful at times." Harley flushed slightly.

"Yes, even under the most adverse cir-imstances," he said. But Mr. Heathcote was already on the way to the hotel, his white spats gleaming in the sunshine. It was evident that he ntended to keep the press in its proper

You made a mistake when you teered your help, Harley." said Hobart.
"A man like that should be received w club. But you just wait until the West rets through with him. Your revenge will be brought to you on a silver plate."
"I'm not thinking of myself," replied Harley, gravely. "It's the effect of this n Jimmy Grayson's campaign that's othering me. Colorado is doubtful, and o are Utah and Wyoming and Idaho; car go through them with a man like Heathcote, presumably in charge of our

Proof that Harley's fears were justified was forthcoming at once. The crowd at the station, drawn by various causes, had been usually large, and Mr. Heathote was received with a gasp of amazement. But nothing was said until the white spats of the committeeman disappeared in the hotel. Then the people crowded around the correspondents, with whom a six hours' stop was sufficient to make them familiar. "Who is he?" they asked. "Is he a plutocrat?" It's a Wall street shark, sure." "Does Jimmy Gray-son mean to hobnob with a man like "Then we can't trust him, either, He's going to be a monopolist, too, and his claiming to be champion of the people

direction, and they pursued their way in peace.

The air was crisp and blowy, and the earth, new-washed by the rain, took on some of the tints of spring green, despite

proached the couple, and greeted Harley yielding to a mood of compromise, and stalked abruptly out of the drawing-room. Sylvia, watching him, saw how stiffly and squarely he held his shoulders, and diminished effect, the story of the might, and "King" Plummer was loud been mood of merriment was suddenly sucody knew, most of the wealth being on he other side; and, when a man like ed; he could not corrupt Jimmy Grayson; the candidate was too stanch, too true, rom the right path by any sinister East-

resented Mr. Heathcote's manner as well as his dress. Why had he not stopped at Miss Morgan's hearth and country to hide his solicitude; he was been reading upon the dusty car seat and glad to meet him for the sake of felglancing at Harley. They had returned to lowship in the party? Harley heard again the word "Plutocrat," and, deeming it wise to say nothing more for the pre a though his tone betrayed no great inter- ent, walked back to the hotel. On the long porch sat a row of men in rocking chairs-correspondents, town officials and politicians, following in the Jimmy Grayson. A State senator, a big had been traveling with them for three pointing to the interior of the hotel, and said, mysteriously, to Harley:

'Where did you get it?' "New York," replied Harley, sadly.

"Can't you lose it?"
"I don't know," replied Harley, hope-Hobart, who was in the next chair, put nis right foot across his left knee and nursed it judicially.

"It said: 'Landlord, I want a table alone. I do not wish to be disturbed.' And just think, Harley, this is Colorado! Land-lord, otherwise Bill Jeffreys, was so taken aback that he said, 'All right.' But the Honorable Herbert Henry Heathcote is at this very moment, peeping in at his

There was a dead slience for at least a minute, broken at last by Barton. "Gentlemen," he said, "you do not yet know the full, the awful truth; I accidentally heard Heathcote telling Jeffreys

"Why, what can be worse?" asked Harlev, and he was in earnest. 'Mr. Heathcote's man-his valet, do you understand-arrives to-night. He is to have a place in the car, and to travel

with us, in order that he may wait on his "King" Plummer uttered an oath. The West can stand a good many things, but it won't stand that," he exclaimed. "A national committeeman of ur party traveling with his valet on the train with Jimmy Grayson! It'll cost us it least six States. We ain't women! There succeeded a gloomy silence that lasted until Heathcote himself appeared

upon the porch, fresh, dapper, and pa-

tronizing. Heathcote," said Harley, ever ready to be a peacemaker. Thank you, Mr. Hardy-ah, Harley; 1

did very well for the frontier-one does not expect much here, you know." Harley glanced uneasly at the men in the chairs, but Mr. Heathcote went on, condescendingly: "I am now going for an interview with

quite alone, as I have many things of nportance to say.' No one spoke, but twenty pairs of eyes followed the committeeman as he disap-

peared in the hotel on his way to Jimmy Grayson's room. Then Alvord, the town judge, a man of gigantic stature, rose to his feet and said, in a mimicking, femi-"Gentlemen, I am going to the bar, and shall be there at least an hour; I wish

to be quite alone, as I shall have many important things to drink." There was a burst of laughter that re

ey, Hobart, Mr. Plummer, and several noon, and as he would raise some new is others, who had gone to the station for sues, sure to be of interest to the whole country, Harley, following his familiar Mr. Heathcote, as he alighted from the custom, went in search of Mr. Grayson train, was obviously a person of impor- for preliminary information. The hour tance, his apparel, even had his manner set aside by Mr. Heathcote had passed been hidden, disclosing the fact to the long since, and Harley thought that he

> he was met by Mr. Heathcote himself. "Good afternoon," said Harley, cheerfully. I hope that you had a pleasant

talk with Mr. Grayson. I'm going in to see him now myself; a Presidential nominee can't get much rest." Mr. Heathcote drew himself up impor-

"Your what?" exclaimed the station thorough touch with the great world— and the housemaid and laundress equal- owning. In the bedroom is an old four-that it was not advisable for Mr. Grayson by were unoblising speak to or to come in direct contact with the press. This familiar talk with the newspapers rather impairs the con-Adence of our great magnates and preju--that his remarks should be trans-

> give to the press what is fitting and rerve the remainder.' Harley gazed at Heathcote in amazeent, but there was nothing in his manner to indicate that he was not in earn-

mitted through a third person, who can

"And you are the third person, I suppose?" said Harley. "I have so constituted myself," replied Mr. Heathcote, and his tone was ag-gravatingly quiet and assured. "As one

"Has Mr. Grayson agreed to this?" asked Marley cross-examine me. But, really, I wish to be on good terms with the press, which is

quite a useful institution within its limits. Now, you seem to be rather more sedate have the goodness to explain to them how I have taken affairs in hand." Harley flushed at his patronizing tone, and for a moment he was tempted to

thrust him out of his way and proceed with his errand to Jimmy Grayson's

"What has become of Heathcote?" ask-

"He is engaged upon an important task just now," replied Harley.

"He is editing Jimmy Grayson's Twenty chairs came down with a crash and twenty pairs of eyes stared in indig-

"King" Plummer's effort to hold himself in his chair seemed to be a strain. "He may not be doing that particular thing at this particular moment," continued Harley, "but he told me very dis-tinctly that he was here for that purpose, and he has also just told me that I could not see Jimmy Grayson; that he intended henceforth to act as an intermediary be-

tween the candidate and the press. "And you stood it?" exclaimed Hobart, "For the present, yes," replied Harley or, halls had to be hired for speakers, evenly; "and I did so because I thought here was a vast amount of printing to be I saw a better way out of the trouble one and many other expenses that must be leaved to be like eels in artistic dull brick, and large enough to eluding the heavy cops. done, and many other expenses that must than an immediate quarrel with Heath-

Heathcote was willing to contribute his thousands, there was nothing to do but to take him. But they need not be alarm-

of our corps," said Warraner, one of the Chicago men. "I don't know why you are, but all of us have got to looking on you in that way."

"I for one promise to be good and obey," said Hobart, "but I won't deny that it will be a hard job. Perhaps I could stand the man, if it were not for bls scent, it sends it will be droom, and makes a charming little dressing-room. his accent-it sounds to me as if his voice were coming out of the top of his head, instead of his chest, where a good, for, as its mistress said, "A dining-room for the company of the company o honest voice ought to have its home."
"Now, you listen," said Harley, "and I will my tale unfold."

talked long and earnestly. CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.

DOES IT PAY? When your business cares are heavy And the world and all seems wrong, What you do, or what you say— Then you look for things of pleasure (?) For relief—but does it pay?

Does it pay you in a measure Do your business cares grow less, Does it make up for the pleasure That right thoughts will always bless? That right thoughts whom you Give you joyous thoughts next tingle Tell me, dear one, does it pay?

Every heart must have its sorrow So we're told of the de Let us then in thoughts of kindn So that we can say to be true and right does pay.

E. J. CARTER.

HOW ONE GOT IN. St. Peter settin' at de gate; Nigger passin' by— St. Peter up an' sez ter him: "How did you come ter die?"

"Go ax de man whut heit de gun A-pintin' at dat roos'; Go ax de dog whut helt my foot An' wouldn't turn hit lo "An' so," St. Peter ses ter him, "You wuz kotch in de ac'f"
Dat nigger turnt an' looked at him

An' spon's: "Hit is a fac Fer stealin' uv dat hen!"
The nigger scratch his haid right hard— St. Peter had him den!

He flop 'em on his side An' zackly like a rooster crow Three times out loud he cried! St. Peter hung his haid wid shame-

An' grabbin' up a great big key, n' graoon.

He lot dat nigger in!

-New Orleans Picayune. THE WONDERFUL SOMETHING.

There's a Something that maketh a palace Out of four little walls and a prayer; A Something that seeth a garden In one little flower that is fair; That tuneth two hearts to one purpose And maketh one heart of tw

Without it no garden hath fragran Tho' it holdest the wide world's blooms; Without it a palace a prison With cells for banqueting rooms; This Something that halloweth sorrow And stealeth the sting from care; This Something that maketh a palace Out of four little walls and a prayer

DOING HER OWN WORK

A Chicago Housekeeper Solves Problem in the Construction of a Home.

A. Glasner, of Chicago, has succeeded in having built, according to her plans, a unique home which is to solve the serbilliard room contemplated. tantly.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but you cannot—ah—see Mr. Grayson. There has been a feeling with us in the East—we are in a position there to judge, being in

ly were unobliging. It was after one of the household difficulties that Mrs. Glasner began to plan sewing room is another old bureau with her servantless house with the help of glass knobs which was rescued by Mrs. her servantless house with the help of dices us in the eyes of Europe. It is bet- her husband, and these were the require-

1. It must be on one floor.

5. Everything must be arranged to make work easy so there would be no are no curtains and heavy portieres to need of servants. 6. There must be plenty of windows

conversant with great affairs, I am the and no accommodations for servants. It was in fact to be an ideal home for only two people, husband and wife. The architects were in despair when "My dear man, I cannot permit you to they saw the requirements and the she would not change places with any one, plans Mrs. Glasner had made. They and unselfishly desires that other women

upset all theories on building and were be told of the attraction of housekeeping voted impossible, but Mrs. Glasner was in her way. She is sorry for the women than the others, and I wish you would determined and in the end succeeded in dependent on servants, while every woman finding an architect who carried out her plans, and the result is an ideal home. On the Bungalow Model.

The house, or rather bungalow, for it

follows the plans of California bungalows, a big, uncomfortable place." but he reflected that it was better and is built in a rambling sort of manner to let the committeeman make the rope to accommodate the rolling ground on for his own hanging, and he turned away which it stands, is in Glencoe on Sheridan with a quiet, "Very well, I shall forego road, beside one of the ravines which are the interview."

road, beside one of the ravines which are as the mistress expresses it, "so small as to seem almost absurd." could not help asking himself the ques-tion, "Does Jimmy Grayson know? Could he have consented to such an arrange-tally with projecting battens, this simple and at once came the answer- treatment forming a perfect harmony with the trees which surround the house. He returned to the porch, where all the An octagonal extension on the east side is chairs were filled, although the talk was slow. He noticed, with pleasure, that Churchill was absent. The descending sun had just touched the crests of the distant mountains, and they swam in a onal room near the entrance makes an tremulous golden glow. The sunset ideal den that, in case of visitors, is radiance over nature in her mighty furnished with a lounge bed so as to be aspects affected all on the porch, used as they were to it, and that was why they determined by the state of the control of th they were to it, and that was why they octagonal summer house connected with were silent. But they turned inquiring the porch by a rustic bridge that goes ity would be a fair proportion. the porch by a rustic bridge that goes across a small ravine at the back of the house. The plain roof is broken only by a large chimney. Under the wide eaves an almost continuous series of windows runs around the house, giving the sunlight for which she stipulated. The windows are in groups of three with a large stationary plate in the center to give an unobstructed view of the lovely surrounding landscape, and flanked on each policeman Giba, laving his hand on the

> open outward, cottage fashion. admits of it, the house is two stories, to staccata to Kamachi, jumped back, gave allow basement room for the laundry and the cop a yank by the arm and a push

Small decorated windows light this. teen feet in diameter opening off of it. On one side of this living-room is a great Occidental brawn pitted against Oriental rocking chairs and all, to the correspond- favorite books of the owners. The walls and ceilings are banded simply with a "Boys," said Harley, earnestly, "Tve a system of wooden strips that serve to request to make of you. Let me take the lead in this affair; I've a plan that I think will work."

The a coulding various wall surfaces, and there are few moldings and no fancy trim to catch the dust. From this living-room "Well, you are in a measure the chief opens a large bedroom (16x20 feet), with

No Dining-room.

often is the ugliest room in the house, and it is one more unnecessary room to keep New York Law of Three Years Age Then they put their heads together and clean. It is only convention that dictates that we must sit down in state to eat our meals. People who come here look around and say: 'Why, where is the dining-room?' They seem to think it half savage to eat on the porch as we do. In cool weather tive three years ago there have been filed we will eat in front of the big glowing in the city clerk's office almost 6,000 such grate fire, so you see we do not need a dining-room. Then, too, not having a dining-room does away with so much work. You see, I have a two-deck cart, and when I wash my dishes and silver I put them on it. I also place thereon the meal entire when it is ready to serve, so all go together to the porch or living-room in one gether to the porch or living-room in one trip. The courses are served from the deeds, or any other officer with legal auback to the kitchen to be washed when the meal is eaten." This cart, by the way, which is a great labor-saving proposition,

> kitchen. She wanted it on the south side and efforts are being made to have the of the house. The architect didn't, but it law changed so that it shall require the was her house, and she had her way. She notary or whoever takes the acknowledgsays that "most kitchens have for view garbage boxes, and it isn't any wonder that women bate working in them. kitchen, which opens directly off the liv- a clergyman to file with the bureau of ing-room, "so that when she has company she can talk and cook at the same time.'

as light, sunny, and airy as it is possible tract can be produced in evidence of their for a kitchen to be. It contains one large first agreement, or witnesses can be obenameled sink with a removable drip board that easily can be cleaned and sun dried, and the whole side is lined with clerk, or has been lost or destroyed, and cupboards and compartments, some with no witnesses to the contract can be proglass doors and some with wooden ones, duced, and one of the parties to the conso that all the mistress has to do is to tract desires it abrogated, there seems to reach up over the long working table, or be no redress for the victim. counter, as it might be called, that is below them and get what she desires. Then there are several bins for flour, spice boxes and the like, all built within reach, so that there is no need of extra steps.

"Every time the papers say something about "Japs" it hurts the Japanese people." said a Japanese yesterday. "We there are several bins for flour, spice crevices where dirt can lodge.

also from off the long hall that leads into Japan would think of insulting us by the living room. The ice box stands be-tween the kitchen and the porch, and from "In Japan we call all white people tween the kitchen and the porch, and from the porch leads the little rustic bridge 'sayojin,' which means Western the heater that is used for keeping the I hope the time will never come when it water hot, summer and winter, and which will become popular again in Nippon.

In spite of opposition on the part of can be used also for boiling the clothes, architects and builders, a Mrs. William The rest of the basement is yet unfinished

poster mahogany bed, and an old-fashloned mahogany bureau to match. In the Glasner from several coats of yellow paint. She thus found the mahogany un-

In the large living room are good old-2. There always must be plenty of hot spinning wheel and a flax wheel, both like 2. There must be the most cheerful the other pieces—heirlooms. There also is an old-fashioned mahogany table or two 4. There must be few rooms to take and a pair of andirons that give just the right touch to the fireplace, and old-fashoned candlesticks in abundance. There keep out air and gather dust, and the thorough cleaning that the rooms receive once a week at the hands of the laundress who comes to do the washing and ironing is sufficient to keep it immaculate.

Mrs. Glasner considers her housework a joke in her new home, and frankly says who enters this beautiful ideal home longs most ardently to change places with its mistress, and men who view it sigh regretfully and say: 'How I'd like to live n a real home like this; but ours is such

It may be interesting to add that the cost of the building of the house was moderate, and the daily household ex-

FIVE COPS TO TWO JAPS.

Latter Had Too Much Sake, but They Knew Jiu-Jitsu, From the New York Su Tom Hiashi and Ray Kamachi, a butler and clerk, respectively, both Japanese, who said they lived at 41 East Nineteenth

street, were arraigned in the Tombs police court on a charge of intoxication and

bunding landscape, and flanked on each Policeman Giba, laying his hand on the side by casements of decorative glass that shoulder of Hiashi, who was at least a pen outward, cottage fashion.

On the west, where the sloping bank during of it the house is two stories and fifty pounds lighter. Hiashi said something

is to be turned into a billiard room. and Giba went sprawling off the platform Small decorated windows light this.

On entering the front door, which is as unconventional as the house and its owners, one steps at once into the living-room four more cops puffing up the stairs. The (20x27 feet), with the octagonal den fif-

than an immediate quarrel with Heath-cote—a better way, above all, for Jimmy arcsite gide up.

Gravson and the party."

artistic dull brick, and large enough to accommodate good-sized logs. Beside the fireplace is a built seat with a row of win-The Western men said nothing, though dows over it, while on the opposite side, unthe head was not there. The Jap, in retaliation, would duck, give the cop a yank, a la jiu-jitsu, and make him howl.

The police finally conquered by sheer avoirdupois. "What take five cops to bring in that pair?" asked Magistrate Finn in disgust. "But they used Jew justice on us, your

onor," said Giba. "That's a new one on me! I wonder what is Jew justice?" asked Battery "Oh, he means jiu-jitsu, judge," spoke up Clerk Charley Anthus, the most versatile clerk in the police courts.

"We'll let 'em have a little American

ustice to cure their Jew justice. Three

dollars each," said the magistrate. Tom paid both fines out of a \$75 roll.

MANY MARRY BY CONTRACT.

Leads to 6,000 Such Unions. From the Pittsburg Dispatch. Marriages by contract are becoming popular in Gotham. Since the law providing for this kind of marriage became operacontracts. Marriage by contract is a simple legal procedure. Two persons desiring to be married go to a lawyer or any other person qualified to draw up a con-tract or apply to the city or county clerk's office for the regular blank form, have the contract drawn up or fill out the form, and then go before a notary public, thority, and there the contract is ac-

knowledged. That ends it. The contract may be filed with the city clerk or it may not. The law does not require that it be filed; it only entitles it Mrs. Glasner wouldn't have a dark to be filed. On that point the law is lax, ment of the contract to file it with the clerk of the city within ten days or be " Her subject to a penalty. The law requires vital statistics all certificates of marriages

performed by him within ten days after the ceremony The marriage contract is not without It has four south windows, one on the band and wife agree to disagree, or one east side and one on the west side, and is forsakes the other, so long as the contained to the signing of the contract, the agreement remains in legal force. But if the contract has not been filed with the

Don't Like the Word "Japs."

to the work table. There is an office stool call our country Nippon, pronounced in that Mrs. Glasner sits on when washing the Japanese tongue 'Nihon,' and a Japdishes or preparing vegetables, and near anese man is 'Nihonjin.' Foreigners say the range is a great "comfy" looking Japanese and Japan because they don't rocking chair to rest in while the cooking know how to pronounce the real words. is progressing. The kitchen fixtures are curved, so there are neither fixtures nor lieve that it is a term of derision, just as revices where dirt can lodge.

The big screened-in porch is back of the big screened-in porch is back of and all cultivated Japanese hate the the kitchen and opens from that room and term. None of the foreigners living in

across the ravine that takes one to the Sayojin is a most respectful word. But beautiful little octagonal summer house. there is another that was used before Near the kitchen are the steps that lead we became what the Western world calls into the basement, where there is a tiny civilized; that word means 'foreign and convenient laundry with set tubs and devil.' That is a very impolite word, and